

It is the way the bruises go on  
drinking up the darkness  
that scares you,  
the teeth  
larger than your life,  
the fibres breaking,  
the shape of the planet.

-- Susan Sonde

Bowie MD

griffith park

Three Girls With Dogs  
could be the title of an oil  
or a french postcard  
but no there they are  
real as lizards on a rock  
reptillian eyes dreaming of hawks  
my blood drunk with the sun  
i slither over the grass  
trying to spread my wings

father

fashion me boots  
with hungry soles  
cut from the thickest  
night

give me a staff  
of muscled thorn  
carved from the winter  
stars

show me a path  
with the sun on my right  
a way that is dusted  
with wheat

fill my tin cup  
with copper coins  
minted from the honey  
moon